

Good Friday having been already lost. Promised to sail to-morrow. I consulted Amer. Consul, who said the sea would continue rough for a day or two, advised taking Molday's steamer, - by which time I hoped Jane would be much better to bear such voyage as it might be. I so decided. The Schuylers decided to go on, with plenty of fellow New Yorkers.

So we settled up, took light luggage and the rail way down along the coast, more picturesque even than Corniche road, tho' less grand, - sea on one side and opposite Calabrian Coast, ragged mountains and wild ravines on the other, not bare as in Egypt, but covered with Opuntia cactus, green valley rocks or slopes here and there, and more flowers, (or flocks, even at this early season than we saw in all Egypt, - ground all carpeted or spangled with them in many places, Sweet Alyssum from every crevice in the rocks. At $5\frac{1}{2}$ reached Giardini, right on the shore, hardly room for road & horses, mountain rising behind in terrace after terrace; jumped into a 1 horse carriage and wound an hour up the mountain by a good zigzag

23.
Taormina (ancient Tauromenium)
Sicily. March 25, 1858. Evening.

I must do this part of Journal, leaving it for Jane, now snug in bed, at the first opportunity to fill up the hiatus, the broad chasm between the pyramids glistening in a glowing sun and Etna robed in snow and reflecting the pale moonlight.

My letter to William just despatched from Messina gave report of our days and adventures. But I briefly rehearse.

I went down to Alexandria in morning, and Jane, Olivia & the Schuylers, under Charles' escort followed in a later train, on Thursday, March 18. Next morning we drove round town a little, Jane and I, with Dr. Gaillardot, a French physician and botanist, - the main things to see being Pompey's Pillar (a finer looking thing than I had thought, - just like the pictures indeed but looking grander and of beautiful proportions) and the obelisk known as Cleopatra's needle. Soon after we were on board the French steamer Pelure, and bidding good bye to Charles, who went back to Cairo for a week or 10 days more, we started for Europe in what seemed beautiful weather, expecting to land in 3 days at Messina. But the wind blew and the waves rolled, or rather

gyrated in a strange way, and made
& kept us all sick, and great discom-
fort we had till on the morning of
the fourth day (Tuesday) we entered the
straits of Messina, and landed at
Messina at 7 o'clock. A.M. As to
the motion it may be best described
in the words of an old sailor on board.
"Why, you see, first she is hit on the
larboard, then astern, then she
gets it a starbord, and on the
quarter, and she don't know what
to do." Said Mr. Stearns (son of Brewt,
of Amherst College, who had made
30 voyages and never was sea-
sick or experienced really bad
weather, and so prophesied smooth
things for us, comforted that he
was thoroughly uncomfortable.
One day a heavy sea came over
the quarter, knocked in saloon
doors and pounds down the hatches.
I thought it would stay in the
passage way, but our boots &
shoes taking to navigation around
the state-room, disclosed the true
state of things, and you may
imagine the condition we were in.
and what a sad thing all this wet
and cold and turmoil, was to poor
Jane, used to the warmer dry air
& Egypt, and debilitated by the sickness

that prevented her from keeping
down any nourishment. She
was landed just prostrated, and
in a condition which made me
reconciled at first to the news
that we had lost the upper steam
for Naples, and must wait 2
days for the next. That day
I am passed in the room on
a sofa, the next (yesterday) all
day in bed, with distressing pain
and aches in back, and finally
exophthalmia. - She immediately, we
think, from the exposure to cold
and wet and great change of
climate, with other ailments
and prostration. However, toward
evening she got some relief, &
considering the circumstances,
had a fair night, and was able
this morning to enjoy breakfast
in bed with some appetite, and
consider what was best to be
done. Well, the steamer, after
putting off decision to 11 - then to 12
o'clock, at last decided not to go
that day, so grievously is appointing
at least 40 passengers, who saw
some of whom saw their last hopes
vanish of reaching Rome for Easter.

French he knows rather more than I,
So we got on very well, Jane kept
in her room till dinner time; very good
hotel. But this morning we drove out,
I shored premise that the wind went
down at night, and this morning we
have a superb view of Etna, which
rises from here magnificently, and is
more the more impressive for being
surrounded more than half way
down apparently. It quite comes up
to one's ideas of a mountain, and
only wants to show its character as a
volcano. to do itself credit. There
is the conical & red-clad summit, further
where is the great crater, but just
now it will not even smoke.

We found that the Russell Scotts were
passing the winter here. Mr. Scott
now in Rome on his way back from
England. Mrs. S. daughter, & son here;
spoke to us at breakfast this
morning & seemed very glad to meet us -
especially desirous to see Charles.
We took Miss Scott in with us, & drove

road to this queer old world village of²
Taormina, overhanging sea & green terraces
on the one side, dominated by crag-
gy peaks of some 1-2000 feet above
us on the other, - one, Mola, crowned
with ruins of old castle (Norman, then
Saracenic, then Norman, which only an
hour standing), hangs right over the
little town. We are in a primitive
^{except flats & some bags} but neat auberge, the only travelled
here, with our window looking S.W.
right out upon Etna, snow-capped
to the waist, looking dim in the
twilight, but at length shining
in the moonlight, the cloudy cap
hanging about the peak disappear-
ing as the evening advanced. After
a cup of tea Jane right to bed,
after warming toes over a brasier of
embers and hot ashes in place of
fire. Fire place there is none.
I write till 9 or 10.

Friday Morning. I rise at dawn
and (with a guide speaking a few words
of French) up to the ruins of the amphitheatre^{a/c}

(Greek, rebuilt by Romans) on a height between the town & sea. saw the sunrise out of the sea below Calabria, but soon dimmed with light clouds. Splendid view of Etna in its whole extent on this side, and line of coast as far as the long cape of Sci Reale. Peak of Etna free from cloud, except soon after the sun touched it a small white cloud formed over it. Jane (at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$) still in bed, where she had best remain till the day warms up:

Afternoon. Jane took her breakfast in bed, and announced that I must do all the sightseeing alone, except what could be seen from the house. So I went my way sorrowing. With Salvatore for guide - the more was needed as his knowledge is slim; after looking into the "Cathedral" took the stiff climb up to Mola, over 2000 feet, grand views all the way, especially of Etna, and a fine study of it from the very

summit. The sky then good as far as it was concerned, the cloudy generally with breaks of sunshine. Then descended on to the peak on which the old Castle of Taormina stands, ~~was~~ beetling over the little town. Splendid view seaward & coastwise, and the amphitheatre looked right down upon. Now the clouds came lower & obscured Etna, mainly. Home to a pleasant dinner there.

And now we are ready to descend to the shore below us and take the train as it passes for Catania - one of the warmest places in Sicily, and so likely to make a good ~~soothing~~ resting-place for Jane - for a day or so.

Catania. Easter Sunday. Reached here an hour after dark on Friday, and I ran about, in my way all day Saturday, spending an hour or two in the little Botanic Garden - where I introduced myself to the Prof. the Abbe Tornabine - who knows a little botany, not much. For

when the city, but stopped short at this place on hearing the veil of St. Agatha (patron saint of the city) shaken at it. The town covers ruins of older towns buried under lava. The whole region here is built up of lava of various ages, and there is old Etna, looking as pure and innocent as a young bride, seemingly unconscious of all the mischief she has done and is still brewing. Jane drove home to the hotel, leaving me at the door of the cathedral, which is chiefly very modern, but with old apses at the end, like those of early Greek churches. I staid through high mass, and never did it seem so weak & unimpressive, though celebrated by the Arch Bishop, with 8 or 9 suffragan bishops - I suppose - as they all wore mitres - assisting. Had an early dinner, and off at 4 o'clock a very pleasant journey to Messina - rail-way carriage of 1st class all to ourselves as usual - a good view of all the country we had lost by darkness in going down, and some more, - good views of Etna on the Val de Nove side, partly wrapped in clouds, and what fields of lava, a good deal of it - as it is, not yet covered with vegetation, or only with Cactus, the great growth of this region. Here we are in a nice room yet at Hotel Victoria, our back window looking out right on the grey lava, & skipping, the moon rising opposite our Appennantes, as I did the sun this morning (Monday), & all bethus a nice day and a pleasant voyage to Naples. So may it prove.

Tuesday, 30th March. Naples, Hotel di Russie. Left Messina at 1½ yesterday; favourable wind but too much of it, but got on comfortably for Jane, who took to birth before dinner, ate nothing, and had a sickish night, head winds during the night [five & last view of Etna all late afternoon]. I got up as we passed in to bay between Capo S. Sciro & S. Vincenzo at day break; all dull & not handsome. I thought little of Neapolis, but as we reached Naples, just after the sunrise it looked better, and perhaps we should think it equal and the whole surroundings equal to what all say of it. But there was a bother to get rooms, altho' bespoken, and poor Jane had full 3 hours to wait in saloon, - getting some breakfast meanwhile.

and is now at length taking some out to the great Benedictine Convent³
near the rest. We expect the Schuyler
will come up from Sorrento at noon. I
went to Bankers, got welcome
letters from Catherine & Lizzie P. —
who will come on to-morrow, and bring
with them a heap of letters which have
accumulated at Rome for us, and
then we shall know all about
home, from which we have long
been separated.

With this Jane will send
merely a note to Suzanne. —
Ever —

A. Gray

in the outskirts of the town. — now sup-
posed, more's the pity. expects to
hear the fine organ at the hand,
before Mass, but the organist was
sick, & so High Mass & the whole
service for Easter was omitted, — only
low mass going on at a side chapel.
Very shabby. However the great
church is worth seeing, especially the
chantry with its fine carved stalls to
which the Benedictine monks used to
fill. The Monastery is really a palace,
had large revenues, & was maintained by
rich families. They could accommodate
a hundred or two, but kept the number
down to 40. Now even these are disper-
sed. We saw only one solitary do-
fellow, dim vestige and shadow of the
^{past} grand, moving silently in the great
corridors. The library said to be a
very fine one. The room very fine. —
the Museum we did not look in to. —
but gazed out upon the wall of
lava of 1663, which was about to